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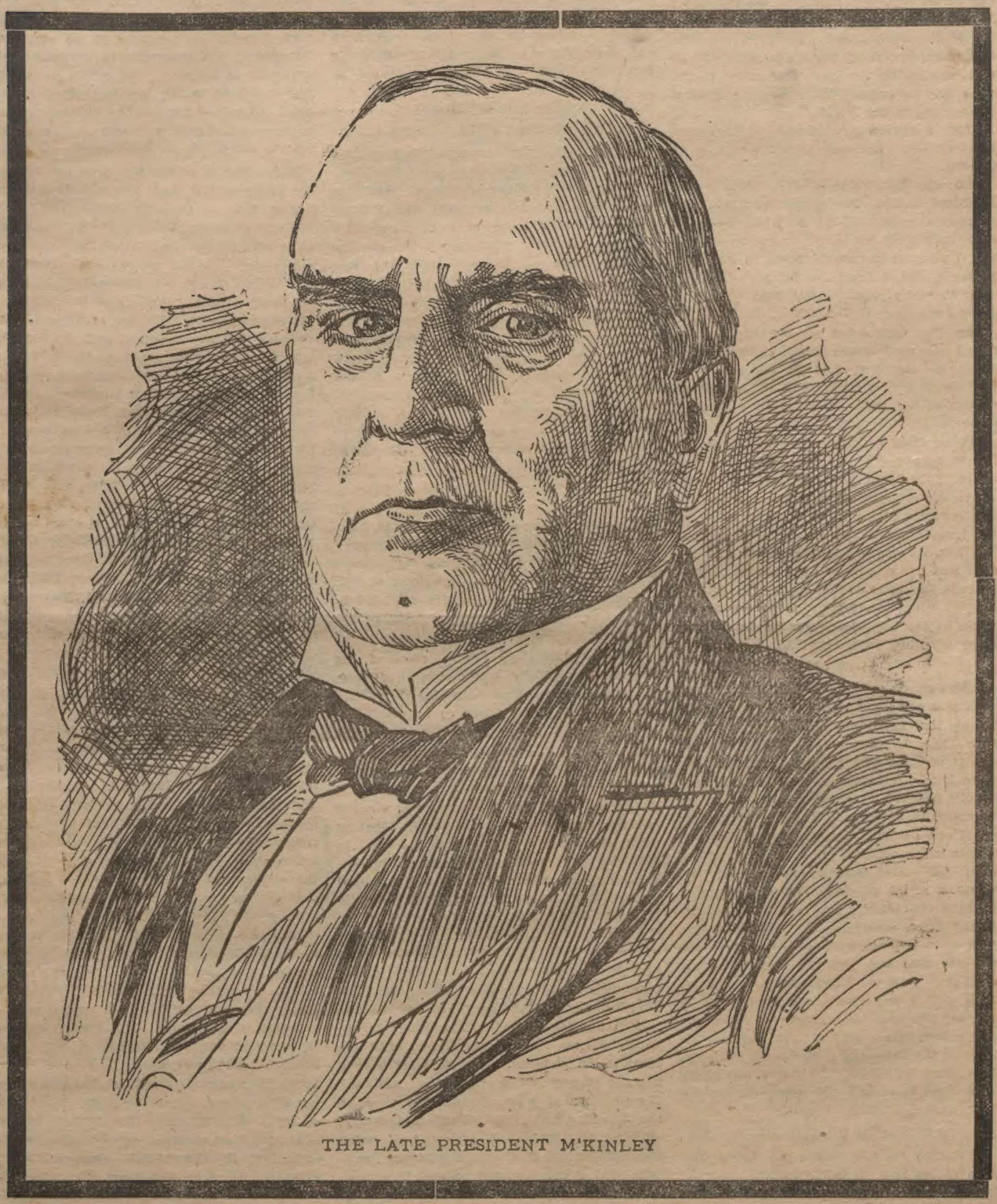

THE LATE PRESIDENT M'KINLEY

President McKinley.

DETAILS OF HIS LIFE AND DEATH.

Amidst all the rejoicings in Canada over the royal visit, there is a shadow in the heart of everyone who thinks of the great sister nation beside us, called upon so suddenly to mourn the death of their loved president.

Only a few months ago the people of the United States shared our grief when our dear Queen passed away. We now, in turn, are sorrowing with them for the death of the head of their nation, and our sorrow is all the more poignant because of the special bitterness pertaining to death in this instance. Queen Victoria went to rest in the natural course of life, full of years, and when her work on earth had been accomplished, but President McKinley was struck down in the full vigor of manhood by an assassin's cruel and purposeless blow.

All the world knows at this date the de-

tails connected with the close of this good man's life, and we need only in this place mention briefly the main facts.

AT THE EXHIBITION.

On Thursday, Sept. 5, President McKinley, accompanied by his devoted wife — who though an invalid and not having even her usual strength after her recent serious illness insisted on accompanying him—attended the Buffalo Exhibition officially as the Chief Executive of the nation, and delivered, in reply to the address of welcome, a speech full of the wisdom and far-sightedness of a statesman, breathing peace and good will to men, expressing the hope that there might be a greater commercial reciprocity among the nations of the world.

After a review of the troops, the first building the President visited was that of Canada.

The day following—Friday, Sept. 6—the President visited the exhibition again and expressed great delight at what he saw. Both days were celebrated by record crowds and it was late in the afternoon, as the large audience surged from the Temple of Music, after the daily organ recital, that the fatal shots were fired.

The President stood at the edge of the raised dais upon which stands the great pipe organ at the east side of the structure. Throngs of people crowded in at the various entrances, to gaze upon their executive, some of them to clasp his hand.

Shortly after 4 p.m., a man of ordinary appearance approached as if to greet the President. President McKinley smiled, bowed and extended his hand, when the sharp crack of a revolver rang out, followed by another. An instant later the assassin,—one Leon Czolgosz, an anarchist—was seized and the President was removed to the hospital in the grounds and later to the residence of Mr. John G. Milburn, president of the exhibition, where he lay until death intervened, on Saturday morning, Sept. 14, at 2.15 a.m.

HIS LAST HOURS.

Before six o'clock on Friday evening, Sept. 13, it was clear to those at the President's bedside that he was dying, and preparations were made for the last sad offices of farewell from those who were nearest and dearest to him. Oxygen had been administered steadily but with little effect in keeping back the approach of death. The President came out of one period of unconsciousness only to relapse into another. But in this period, when his mind was partially clear, occurred a series of events of a profoundly touching character. Downstairs, with tear-stained faces, members of the Cabinet were grouped in anxious waiting. They knew the end was near and that the time had come when they must see him for the last time on earth. This was about six o'clock. One by one they ascended the stairway. There was only a momentary stay of the Cabinet officials at the threshold of the death chamber. Then they withdrew, the tears streaming down their faces and the words of intense grief choking in their throats.

APPROACH OF THE END.

After they left the sick room the physicians rallied him to consciousness, and the President asked almost immediately that his wife be brought to him. The doctors fell back into the shadows of the room as Mrs. McKinley came through the doorway. The strong face of the dying man lighted up with a faint smile as their hands were clasped. She sat beside him and held his hand. Despite her physical weakness, she bore up bravely under the ordeal.

The President in his last period of consciousness, which ended about 7.40 o'clock, whispered feebly the words of the beautiful hymn, 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,' and his last audible conscious words, as taken down by Dr. Mann at the bedside, were: 'Good-bye. All good-bye. It is God's way. His will be done.' Then his mind began to wander, and soon afterward he completely lost consciousness. About 8.30 his pulse grew faint, very faint. He was sinking gradually like a child into an eternal slumber. By ten o'clock the pulse could no longer be felt in his extremities, and they grew cold.

At 2.15 o'clock Dr. Rixey leaned forward and placed his ear close to the breast of the dying President. Then he straightened up and made an effort to speak.

'The President is dead,' he said.

SKETCH OF THE PRESIDENT'S LIFE.

William McKinley, twenty-fifth President of the United States, was born in Niles, Trumbull county, Ohio, on Jan. 29, 1843. On his father's side his ancestry was Scotch-Irish; his forefathers came to America a hundred and fifty years ago. He was the seventh child of William McKinley and Nancy Campbell Allison, who were married in 1829. William McKinley, senior, was an iron furnace manager, having at an early age become manager of a furnace near New Wilmington, Lawrence county, Pennsylvania, of which state he himself was a native. William McKinley, senior, was a man of strong common sense, intelligence, probity and force of character, and was esteemed and respected wherever known. He died in Nov. 1892.

The President's mother, however, lived to see her son elected the chief magistrate of her country, dying as lately as Dec. 12, 1897, in her eighty-ninth year. She declared with tender pride that 'William was always a good boy,' while the son ascribed to his mother and home those traits and habits which have rendered him the model of the American household.

William McKinley, junior, received his first education in the public schools of Niles, but when he was nine years old the family removed to Poland, Mahoning county, Ohio, where he was at once admitted into the Union Seminary, pursuing his studies at that institution until he was seventeen years of age. He was a hard worker, and excelled in mathematics and the languages, and was the best equipped of all the students in debating the exciting public questions of the day. In 1860 he was sent to Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa., where he was easily admitted in the junior class, and from which he would have graduated in the following year but for the failure of his health through over-application to study. After a severe illness he practiced school-teaching for a while in the Kerr district, near Poland. When the Civil War broke out, in the spring of 1861, he was a clerk in the Poland post-office. Young McKinley was one of the first to offer his services as a volunteer. He went with a number of recruits to Columbus, and was there enlisted as a private in Company E, of the Twenty-third Ohio Volunteer Infantry, on June 11, 1861. The regiment, of which Gen. Rutherford B. Hayes, afterwards President, was at one time the colonel, did bravely throughout the war from the date of its organization, June 1, 1861, to its mustering out, July 26, 1865. Its rank and file included 2,095 men, of whom 169 were killed in battle and 107 died of wounds and disease. In the course of his four years' service young McKinley took part in many engagements, and speedily won promotion. At Antietam young McKinley showed so much dauntless courage that a few days after the battle he was promoted from sergeant to lieutenant. Again at the battle of Kernstown, Lieut. McKinley displayed both cool courage and military skill, saving four guns and caissons which had been abandoned, and which would otherwise have been captured. The day following the battle, he received the rank of captain. After fighting with his regiment in several other battles, McKinley did staff duty with Generals Crook, Hancock and Carroll, receiving his brevet as major in the Volunteer United States army from President Lincoln on March 14, 1865. He returned to his old regiment to be mustered out with it, and afterwards went back to his old home at Poland. His career as a soldier had been in the highest degree creditable, and gained for him the lifelong respect, confidence and good will both of his superior officers and of his comrades in the ranks.

Major McKinley, the war over, commenced the study of law, and, was admitted to the bar at Warren, Ohio, in March, 1867. He settled in Canton, Ohio, where he commenced to practice law, and which has since been his home. In 1869 he was elected on the Republican ticket as prosecuting attorney for Stark county. Failing of re-election to the same office in 1871, he resumed his increasing private practice, and during the next five years made rapid strides at the bar. As an advocate and in the studious preparation of cases he had few superiors, and he was remarkably successful. Major McKinley would undoubtedly have gained eminence in his profession but for the pressing appeals made to him by his party. He was thoroughly informed upon every issue, and spoke with clearness, moderation and earnestness in every political campaign. It could not be otherwise than that Major McKinley should be sooner or later elected to Congress, and this at last occurred in October, 1876. In Congress, as might be expected, Major McKinley soon made his mark. His speeches on all great questions abounded with eloquence and conviction.

In December, 1880, he succeeded President Garfield as a member of the Ways and Means Committee. He was a strong and constant advocate of the doctrine of protection, of which he was considered one of the ablest defenders. 'Free trade,' he said once in a speech on the question, 'has no place in this republic.' Election followed election, and McKinley was always returned to Congress, although sometimes he had a sharp fight for it, one time winning the contest by but eight votes. He was chairman of the Ohio Republican State Convention in 1884, at which he was unanimously elected a delegate to the Republican National Convention, filling the same office at the National Convention of 1888. His stand against the Mills Tariff bill in Congress in April, 1888, won for him the undivided admiration of his party. In the Fifty-first Congress he became chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means. He now introduced his protective measures, the one which has since borne his name being introduced on April 16, 1890, and after being strongly upheld and as strongly opposed, finally became law, the President's approval being given on Oct. 6 of the same year. In 1890 William McKinley suffered defeat when presenting himself for re-election to Congress. Immediately after the election a popular movement began in Ohio for his nomination for governor. He was made candidate by acclamation, and made no fewer than 134 speeches in the gubernatorial campaign, which finally resulted in his being elected governor by 21,500 plurality in a total of 795,000. He was inaugurated on Jan. 11, 1892, and in a very short time was deeply engaged

in the struggle of the Presidential campaign of that year. He was urged to allow his name to be put forward as a candidate for the presidency, but steadfastly refused, and as earnestly supported the renomination of President Harrison. Harrison was defeated, and Governor McKinley devoted his attention to the administration of the affairs of Ohio. As might be expected, this duty was done efficiently and well, especially in the matter of suppressing attempts at lynching prisoners by mobs.

On the expiration of his term as governor Major McKinley returned to his old home at Canton, Ohio, but was not long allowed to remain in peace. The presidential campaign of 1896 was on, his party adopted his views as the Republican platform, and state after state declared for him as a candidate for the office of President. McKinley accepted the call, and was nominated for President at the Republican National Convention at St. Louis on the first ballot. In the ensuing election he received a popular vote of 7,104,779, a plurality of 601,854 over the principal opponent, William Jennings Bryan. In the electoral college McKinley received 271 votes, against 176 for Bryan.

For four years from March 4, 1897, President McKinley guided the destinies of the United States, the principal event of his term of office being the successful war against Spain in 1898, and when, in the winter of last year, the President, having been again nominated by the National Convention of his party, he again faced his former opponent, Bryan, he was once more victorious in the fight of ballots that followed.

TWICE PRESIDENT.

On March 4, 1901, Mr. McKinley was inducted into the presidential office for a second term, being the eighth in the line of presidents thus honored. At the same time, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, of New York, became Vice-President of the United States. The ceremony was most impressive and full of suggestion of the development of the Republic during his previous term of office. The distinctive feature of the parade was its military character, the men in soldierly uniform outnumbering the civilians in line by more than three to one, by actual count. The navy was also represented in the ceremonies more numerously than ever before.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, WHO HAS SUCCEEDED TO THE PRESIDENCY OF THE UNITED STATES.

MRS. McKINLEY.

The hearts of all 'Messenger' readers have gone out with loving sympathy to Mrs. McKinley in her great sorrow.

Mrs. McKinley is the daughter of Mr. James A. Saxton, a retired farmer and banker of Canton, Ohio. She was educated at a young ladies' school in Canton and at an early age entered her father's bank that she might receive a business training. She married Major McKinley on Jan. 25, 1871, and they began their married life at Canton, living in what is now known as the McKinley Cottage. In that cottage their children Katie and Ida were born and there they died. There was Mrs. McKinley stricken with the disease which for twenty-five years baffled the most renowned medical authorities of the United States. To that cottage they returned after many years' absence on the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage, Jan. 25, 1896. There they have spent a part of each year since and to it they had hoped to return home after the close of this administration.

During all her husband's public life as a member of Congress Mrs. McKinley has been looked upon as an invalid and she accordingly took no part in the social functions of the national capital. When her husband became President, however, Mrs. McKinley, despite her affliction, resolutely took her place at the side of the President at receptions and smilingly welcomed the throngs of people in all classes of life who passed through the blue room.

On April 29 last President McKinley, accompanied by Mrs. McKinley, left Washing-

ton for a tour throughout the Union; after visiting several southern and western points the President proceeded to San Francisco, a little sooner than had been planned, in order to obtain special medical advice regarding the health of Mrs. McKinley, whose strength had not proved equal to the fatigues and diversions inevitable on such an extended journey. Unfortunately, her condition grew steadily more alarming from day to day, and in the San Francisco programme which had been prepared, the President took little personal part, remaining constantly at the bedside of Mrs. McKinley, whose recovery was reported as scarcely possible. San Francisco had been reached on May 12 from which date until May 20 Mrs. McKinley was in a very low condition. Great recuperative power, however, was shown by the invalid and by May 20 she was regarded as safely past the critical point. It was then arranged that after a few more days the President and his wife would proceed to their home at Canton, Ohio, by a direct route, making no stops by the way except of the very briefest. This was done and, after necessary rest Mrs. McKinley once more regained her normal health.

THE PRESIDENT'S CHARACTER.

President McKinley was universally respected not only on account of the office he held, but for the qualities he possessed as a man. He was a noble ruler, a far-seeing and progressive statesman, a true friend, a faithful husband and a sincere Christian.

Fit to be engraved upon his monument and to live forever in the minds of his countrymen,' says the New York 'World,' 'are these lofty words from President McKinley's last speech:—"Let us ever remember that our interest is in concord, not conflict, and that our real eminence rests on the victories of peace, not those of war."

PRESIDENT McKINLEY WAS A TOTAL ABSTAINER.

Remarking on President McKinley's absence from stimulants, a member of the official household said the other day:—

'In all my experience with public men and all public entertainments it has never been my lot to see a more abstemious man, so far as intoxicating liquors are concerned, than President McKinley. This trait in his character was brought out prominently in the trips he made South at the conclusion of the Spanish war, and caused no end of comment among the hospitable people with whom he was daily brought in contact.

'One incident occurs to me most forcibly, which took place at Atlanta on the ten day trip made under the auspices of the Southern Railway Company. As a culmination of the festivities there was a grand banquet in the evening prior to the departure of the Chief Magistrate further South. But amid all the enthusiasm and hilarity attendant upon such an entertainment there was one collected individual, who failed to partake, as his host thought he should, of the sparkling and refreshing beverages set before him. Some of the more daring spirits wanted to insist upon the President getting more sociable, as they put it. But he stood their bantering with the same good humor that he had manifested throughout the trip and would not be persuaded to touch wines or other liquid refreshments.

'Upon returning to his hotel to make arrangements for continuing his journey he was again importuned to take something to stimulate him before the trip. In a laughing manner he remarked to the committeemen accompanying him:—"You boys are so persistent I will join you in a parting glass. Let it be apollinaris, though, for that is all I need to invigorate me and help me to digest properly that good dinner you had prepared for me."

'His manner was so cordial and sincere as he carried out his intention that his hosts joined heartily in the toast he proposed. President McKinley had the courage of his convictions, which made him more popular with his Southern friends than if he had succumbed to their wiles and partaken of wine.

THE NEW PRESIDENT.

By the death of President McKinley, Vice-President Roosevelt, according to the Constitution of the United States, is now President of the American Nation. It is interesting therefore to take a glance at his history.

Theodore Roosevelt was born on Oct. 27, 1858, in New York city. He comes of old Knickerbocker stock on his father's side, while on his mother's side he is descended from Archibald Bulloch, the first President of Georgia in the Revolution. Being but a sickly boy the young Theodore was prepared for college in private schools. He graduated from Harvard in 1880, and after travelling in Europe for some time began the study of law, but soon abandoned it for politics. In 1881 he was elected by the Republicans to the Assembly from the twenty-first district of New York city, and was twice re-elected. In 1884 Mr. Roosevelt was made Speaker of the New York Legislature and in that and the following years became very active in promoting legislation of a reform character. In 1886 Mr. Roosevelt was nominated for Mayor of New York, but was defeated by Mr. Abram S. Hewitt, the Democratic nominee. In 1889 President Harrison appointed him a civil service commissioner, in which position he served efficiently until 1895, when he resigned to become president of the New York City Board of Police Commissioners in the administration of Mayor Strong.

He established a policy of strict enforcement of liquor and Sunday laws, thus arousing much opposition, but stopping police protection of vice and restoring discipline to the force. The year 1897 marked Mr. Roosevelt's first connection with the navy in the position of assistant secretary, when he took an active part in the preparations for the Spanish war. On the outbreak of hostilities he resigned and organized from among the cow-boys of the west a regiment of volunteer cavalry known as the Rough Riders. As lieutenant-colonel of the cow-boy contingent he was not by any means ignorant of military matters, having been for some years a member of the Eighth Regiment of the New York National Guard. The Rough Riders and their colonel did some good work in the Spanish war. They were present at Santiago, San Juan Hill and many other lively skirmishes and Colonel Roosevelt was mentioned in orders for gallant conduct in battle and for care of his men while in camp.

In September of 1898 the returned hero was nominated for Governor of New York state, and the following January was elected by an enormous majority. As governor he reformed the administration of the canals, favored the enactment of an improved civil service law, and applied the merit system in county offices, and in many other ways earned the appreciation of those who work for purity in public administration and the enmity of those who place party before the needs of the nation.

Early in 1900 Governor Roosevelt was nominated for Vice-President and was eventually elected.

But President Roosevelt has not been merely a politician, he has been a publisher of a good many books, most of them dealing with the great west. He bought a ranch in North Dakota in 1884, and has spent a good deal of his leisure time hunting and making himself acquainted with the conditions of life that pertain there. He has also written several books and essays on more purely literary subjects. He is LL.D. of Columbia University.

A Terrible Risk.

In a large Bible class of gentlemen there was a young lawyer of brilliant mind. His was much the acutest intellect in the class. The teacher, a bank president, was not a trained theologian, although he was well taught in the simplicities of Scripture truth.

Conscious of his superior knowledge, the young man fell to putting perplexing questions on obscure subjects. He did not in the outset disbelieve the fundamental facts of our holy religion; but, as pride of intellect spurred him to search for arguments to dispute what the teacher of the Bible class taught, he became such a student of sceptical authors that, almost unconsciously, he became a determined disputer and steadfast doubter of the faith of his fathers.

For the recovery of that young man I resorted to every means that careful study of the case suggested. But instead of yielding to entreaty or responding to my solicitude, he steadily settled down into immovable unbelief.

By and by tidings came that he was ill, and his illness rapidly assumed a serious aspect. Then, while yet his mind remained clear, with all the earnestness of a conscience which has been enlightened and then quenched and afterwards aroused, he disclosed to me his distress. Never since I saw his condition can any sophistry of flimsy liberalism make me believe there is no such thing as remorse. At no time when he teased the teacher, speaking in trifling tones and terms of the verities of the gospel, was his intellect clearer than it was when he implored me to beseech the Lord to have mercy on him as a miserable sinner.

What his appearing was before 'the judgment seat of Christ,' I know not. He went there speedily, and left behind this most profound impression, that any one takes terrific risks who reads or talks against a simple, hearty belief in those basal truths which constitute the framework of Bible facts and evangelical Christian faith.—The Rev. John L. Withrow, D.D., in 'Golden Rule.'

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN THE PSALMS.

Sept. 29, Sun.—The Lord hath been mindful of us.

Sept. 30, Mon.—What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?

Oct. 1, Tues.—This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it.

Oct. 2, Wed.—Blessed are they that keep his testimonies.

Oct. 3, Thur.—Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word.

Oct. 4, Fri.—Open thou mine eyes.

Oct. 5, Sat.—I have chosen the way of truth.

If a boy is mischievous or unruly, it is no sign that he is destitute of admiration, or even affection, for the teacher who tries to rule him. The fact is, a boy believes in authority, even though he dares to disregard it. Laxity and flabbiness of discipline do not commend themselves.—'Sunday-School Times.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

In Old Slave Days

(By Louise R. Baker, in New York 'Independent.')

The waters of the Chesapeake rippled along the Maryland shore. All was silent at the landing to-day, for it was Sunday. A bird, sitting on a scrubby little peach tree, evidently sprung up from a castaway seed, trilled out a springtime melody. Old Kale would have said ''Twa' mighty lonesome down to de landin'.'

In sight of the beautiful bay stood Slater's store, and further back the Slater mansion reared its cupola above the tall trees.

Twelve years before John Slater had started business in a very small way and in a much more unpretentious building than the one he occupied at present. The business grew in prosperity. 'It was in the man to make money,' people said; and then, too, there was no sentiment about him.

The kitchen part of the handsome house, shrouded in foliage, had once been Slater's home. But he had bought and built and built and bought until for miles and miles around every acre was his own. Barns and granaries lay in the rear of the house beyond the quarter. Little black heads peeped out of the quarter windows and little bare feet ran over the quarter floor. John Slater bought and sold his slaves as he would have liked always to buy and sell his goods; when he could get a bargain he bought, when he could reap a large profit he sold.

The May breezes poured through the open hall doors of the new house in front of the old, bringing with them a scent of May roses and the twittering of wrens. It was a glorious morning. The rich merchant walked up and down the broad porch. He smiled as he caught sight of a little girl who came scrambling up the side of the porch instead of going around to the steps. Her pink frilled shaker bonnet was hanging by its strings about her neck, her blue eyes were wide and merry.

'Well, Papa, whose birthday is it?'

The next minute John Slater held the child close in his arms, and the seven kisses were counted out as they were given. Then he laughed.

'Have you seen Delie's present yet?' he asked.

'No,' replied Julia Slater, eagerly. 'What is it? Where is it?'

'You'll have to go and hunt for Delie.'

The inhabitants of the quarter were thrown into spasmodical fits of mirth as Miss Julie stood before them demanding Delie and her present. Then Hester, wobbling and giggling, led the way to the left. There in the bed lay Delie, smiling and happy.

A feeling of awe came over the little girl as Hester drew aside the bedclothes and showed her two diminutive black babies.

'Dar's Delie's presen',' Hester exclaimed.

When Miss Julie returned to her father she had another question to ask: 'Kin I have the prettiest one fo' mine, Papa? Really an' truly fo' mine, yo' know?'

'Yes,' said the merchant, in an absent-minded way. He was looking down the road at the large store building; but he was thinking of a crazy little store and a tiny house with a parlor and a kitchen and a loft overhead and of the young wife dead seven years. The people who said that Slater always struck luck had pretty well forgotten these things. The happy owner of the little slave danced about him in the sunshine, asking herself in a sing-song voice which baby she should choose. The birdlings twittered among the vines, the winds blew soft and steadily.

Little Julia's great difficulty in selecting her twin highly delighted Slater's black folks. 'Dey's lack as two peas,' they said; 'but she's feared she'll git hol' de wrong one. De ole boss sut'n'y do crap out.'

But on a particularly delicious afternoon, when the twins had arrived at the mature age of two weeks, Julie Slater ascended the ladder steps in a determined manner. Delie, sitting at the loft window, laid down her work and burst into a laugh as the tumbled head appeared in the opening.

'Yo' looks 's ef yo' means bus'ness dis mawnin', Missy.'

'I'm agoin' to pick out my twin,' said Slater's daughter. 'I ain't agoin' to fool no more.'

'Dat's right, honey,' said Delie; 'yo'll fin' 'em dar on de bed. Pull down de kivers an' dar dey is.'

The twin babies lay asleep side by side. It would indeed be a difficult matter to distinguish one from the other. An expression of indecision took the place of the determination in the little girl's face. 'Which will I choose!' she whispered. At that instant there was a slight movement in the bed. A little black baby opened its eyes and screwed its mouth into a smile. It put out its hand, too, and made a grab.

'"This 'n" 's goin' to be mine,' cried Miss Julie. 'It's a-hol'in' its han' fo' my rose, an' it's a-laffin'.'

The child pulled off the stem of the rose and laid the flower very carefully and fondly on the bunch of white gathers below the black chin. 'She jest waked up long 'nough fo' me to pick her out,' said Miss Julie, ecstatically. 'Delie, I wan' yo' to mark her right away. I don' wan' her to get mixed up with the other one.'

Delie left her seat at the window and came over to look at the fortunate twin. 'She sut'n'y do peah fine,' she said, 'layin' dar wid a rose on her breas'.'

'Yes, an' she's name Rose,' exclaimed the proud possessor. 'I jest thought of it.'

The babies, seeming aware of their mother's nearness, awoke together and set up a feeble wail.

'Take "her" first bekase she's mine,' said the little girl, jealously.

'So yo's Rosie, is yo'?' said Delie, obeying the order. 'An' yo's got to be coddled, I reckon. Look a-heah, yo' ole t'ing, who's yo'?'

The stem which had been cast away from the rose fell from the coarse little frock, as Delie got possession of the second baby.

'I reckon yo's Bria, dat's wot I reckon yo' is!'

'Yes, she's Bria,' cried Miss Julie, with a burst of laughter; 'an' you got to mark her so she won' git mixed up with my li'l Rose.'

'Laws! I kin tell 'em apawt,' said Delie. 'I kin tell 'em by de diffe'nt ways dey twist der mouves.'

But before Julia Slater descended the loft-steps the little twin Rose wore a piece of blue hair-ribbon about her wrist.

Miss Julie was too much like the boss, the darkies said, ever to forget that that baby had been handed over. Rose was brought into the house almost as soon as she could conveniently get around. She was clad in neat clothes and began early to show signs of the trig little house servant. Brier, on the contrary, was growing up rather wild and lawless. The name Brier clung to her and seemed to suit her, though Delie persisted for a long time in declaring: 'She ain' Bria, dat ain' no name fo' a chile, she name 'Ria.' Kale, Delie's old pappy, was 'mighty skeered 'bout Bria,' for at the age of twelve, when in a rage, the girl would fling herself about the quarter, previous to running to the woods, crying out that she didn't 'b'lieve in no Gawd.' 'I'se feared fo' Bria,' Kale would say, 'I'se feered that de Powa o' Evil ha' got in de gal.' But there were other times when Brier would dance over the quarter floor and shriek and sing to an admiring audience. 'Dat Bria,' they said, 'she know de way fo' to have a good time, she sut'n'y do.'

'Dey's mawked sho' 'nough now,' exclaimed Delie one day as she watched the twins gathering pears from the tree in the corner of the garden. 'Bria she all tags an' tattas an' ba' legs, an' Rose she most prim as a young leddy wid her spick span w'ite ap'on an' her shoes an' storkin's. I reckon Miss Julie done glad she pick out Rose.'

As time went by and Miss Julie returned from school a 'young leddy sho' 'nough,' a greater change than ever was manifested in the lives of the twins. To the surprise and delight of the quarter Rose learned to read 'out de spellin' book,' and Brier was sent to work in the fields.

'Bria, she mighty strong an' willin', an' de gal's smawt,' the men would say; 'but w'en de hosses manes is done up we dunno wedder it's de witches aw Bria. Bria she boun' fo' to git in a big scrape some day. Ef de mist'ess aw de ovaseea wa' eva fo' to fin' 'er out' —

The flying years had brought changes too to John Slater. He had married a second time, 'for money,' it was whispered. He had grown harder and richer and more grasping. Perhaps he had almost forgotten the comfort he had derived from the crazy little store and the tiny house with the parlor and the kitchen and the loft. 'He'd a-most sell his soul' was the murmur of the quarter.

A fine piece of pasture land came into the market at a time when trade was dull, crops suffering from a long drought and extra money scarce with John Slater; and yet he badly wanted that piece of land. It cut right into the corner of one of his farms. He must raise money by hook or by crook. He puzzled his brains for the desired means, and finally decided to let two of the boys go, Pete, who had once attempted to run away, and Charley, who was discontented and 'wanted to be sole.' 'They are fair hands and will bring a good price,' he said to Mrs. Slater. 'I will drop a line to Heppart to come over at once. I will be able in this way to make the first payment.'

The presence of Heppart, the slave dealer, at the family board caused some little excitement in the quarter.

'Who he come fo' I reckon?' cried old Kale. 'I ain't gunno fetch no price.'

'Yo' kin res' yo' hawt easy, Pappy,' said Delie; 'yo wouldn't do to sell to nobawdy 'ceptin' de bone man.'

The two 'boys,' as they were called, though Pete was fully twenty-five years of age, were brought into the dining room after the meal was over, and Heppart in the end agreed on a fair price.

At the close of the transaction the merchant and slave dealer, now on very friendly terms, went out into the front yard, and, lighting their pipes, sat down in the shade of a wide-spreading walnut, and began to chat amicably.

'Fine place,' said Heppart.

'It ought to be,' said the other. 'I've been at it nearly a lifetime.'

'Ah, not that by a long shot,' cried the slave dealer, jovially; 'you've got a big slice of life before you. Look here, Mr. Slater,' he added, 'you don't know of a smart, tidy girl I could pick up somewhere for a house servant?'

'No,' said Slater—'no, I don' think I do.'

'Suitable for a young couple just going to housekeeping. I have a good offer from a Southern gentleman. I could give a thousand dollars for the right sort of article.'

'Pretty good price,' said Slater.

'You couldn't let me have the girl who waited on the table? I rather think she'd fill the bill.'

'She belongs to my daughter,' said Slater. 'My daughter is not at home. She's visiting in the North.'

'I reckon I might go eleven hundred,' continued Heppart, dryly; 'even twelve, if I was sure of what I got. Been fully trained, I suppose?'

'Fetched to the house as soon as she could walk. She's about fifteen now.' Then, John Slater added, a trifle eagerly: 'I tell you she has a twin sister; they're as like as two peas. There she is now.'

Heppart's eyes turned critically upon the figure of a medium-sized colored girl, who climbed over the fence about two yards from the open gate, 'all tags an' tattas an' ba' legs.' She carried a hoe across her shoulders and she was singing shrilly.

'Oh, no, wouldn't do,' said the slave dealer; 'too rough.'

'Don't think she could be trained?'

'Takes too long. You take a little time to think about the other one, and if you decide to sell, why, drop me a line. I'll be along Thursday two weeks for the boys. Have 'em at the landin' by sun-up.'

Twelve hundred dollars would make the second payment on the piece of pasture land and go far toward the third. John Slater told his wife that night of Heppart's offer. She was angry that he had not accepted at once. He might pick up another girl, she said, and refuse to renew it. It was all foolishness about Rose belonging to Julia. If Julia must own a slave why not let her have Brier; the girl was getting rough and sassy in the fields. 'You write to Heppart tonight,' she concluded, 'before it is too late.'

'Very well,' said Slater, with a grunt, 'and you please go and tell Delie.'

There was weeping and wailing in the quarter after Mrs. Slater's visit.

'My Rosie gunno be sole!' cried Delie, throwing her arms wildly over her head. 'My li'l Rosie gunno be sole!' Rose herself stood like a statue in the quarter door, her black eyes regarding them all in a terrified way. Old Kale bowed and moaned in the chimney corner. The boys who were to be sold spoke harsh words of John Slater. Suddenly a figure rose from the lower step of the loft ladder. 'Ef Rosie gunno be sole, den I swa' dar ain' no Gawd?' shrieked Brier, and dashed recklessly out into the night.

It was raining and dark enough everywhere, but Brier fled to the woods. A flash of lightning revealed her as she sat huddled up on an old stump, rocking to and fro, murmuring at intervals: 'Ef Rosie gunno be sole, den I swa' dar ain' no Gawd!'

The storm-clouds overhead parted and rolled away, the moon shone down on Brier, milder winds played about her. 'Ef on'y Miss Julie'd git home,' sobbed the girl, 'ef on'y Rosie could git wud to Miss Julie.' But Miss Julie was not expected home for a month to come, and there was no possible way to get her word. The wind commenced stirring again. The girl looked up at the drifting clouds and the partly shaded moon. 'It'll clean breck Mammy's hawt,' she said, hoarsely, an' ole Pappy he goin' fas' a'ready. Ef 'tw a' me'—

When Brier crept up the ladder stairway, the chickens were crowing for midnight. Old Kale, lying in the lower room with his eyes wide open, sighed to himself: 'De Evil One am in de gal.'

The next morning Brier was taken into the house.

'We'll train her, and have her ready for Julia, as you're so particular,' said Mrs. Slater; and John Slater gave a grunt.

When Brier had worked in the fields she had been encouraged to do her best, even her mammy allowing that 'Bria wa' smawt 'nough.' But when the girl tried eagerly to please at her new duties in the house, the quarter folks grumbled. 'She ain't gunno be Rosie in a jiffy,' they said; 'but she tryin' mighty hawd.'

Mrs. Slater thought differently from the negroes. 'The girl is a heap stronger than Rose,' she said; 'and I never knew any one so quick to learn.'

The reproachful eyes of Rose followed Brier about as she swept and dusted in her place or carefully carried the dishes from the cupboard to the table. Brier's own eyes were sometimes full of tears, but she rubbed them away in the privacy of the pantry.

The first Thursday had come and gone. On Friday Delie was attacked with typhoid fever. In her delirium the mother of the twins cried out to fetch Rosie to her and keep dat Bria away.

Mrs. Slater was concerned about Delie's illness. 'Let Rose stay with her as much as possible,' she ordered, 'and try not to let her worry.'

But on the next Wednesday Brier was told to see that Rose gathered her clothes together and was made ready for the morrow. 'She can take a dress and change in a bundle,' said Mrs. Slater; 'but the new mistress must find new clothes.'

Very quietly the twins entered Rose's little room behind Miss Julie's. Rose sat down on the bed and glanced around. 'You'll hev all dese t'ings to-mor, Bria,' she said; 'all my pity t'ings too, I reckon. Wot yo' doin' now?'

Brier was diligently collecting the clothes allowed for the bundle. It was not a very nice frock that she tied up in the bundle. Then she got out a clean gingham frock and a white apron and a stiffly starched sunbonnet and laid them on a chair. 'I reckon you'll wan' a-weah em, Rosie,' she said, cheerfully.

Then Rose gave way. She hid her face in the bedcovers and sobbed and cried. ''Tain't fair,' she sobbed, 'I done b'long to Miss Julie. She fetched me up; she said I allus gunno live with her. Dis here bed's mine, an dem pity t'ings is mine, an' dat spellin' book is mine, an' yo'—yo' don' even b'lieve in Gawd.'

'Yo' ain' sole yit, Rosie,' said Brier, tremulously. 'Mebbe Miss Julie'll git back tonight.'

'Yes, I reckon! W'en Miss Julie git back she fin' yo' in my place, an' de folks sayin' yo' smawta an' quick'n me, an' a-weahin' my cloze, an' a-settin' up nights readin' out my spellin' book. Yo' knows well 'nough, Bria, Miss Julie ain gunno git back tonight.'

It was past the hour of midnight when Rose fell asleep with her head on Delie's pillow and her hands caught tight in Delie's feverish grasp. But Delie was sleeping too. She was better. She did not know that tomorrow would be Thursday.

'Have 'em at the landin' by sunup,' had been Heppart's order. At four o'clock the quarter was alive with excitement. Negroes from the other farms were assembled to say good-by. Whispers floated about; there was fear of waking Delie.

The two boys were standing outside near the overseer, Pete sullen and inclined to be quarrelsome, Charley, true to his reputation, wild to be off.

'Any one done tell Rosie? Who gunno tell Rosie? cried old Kale. The tears were running down his furrowed cheeks.

Just then Rose appeared in the door. She wore the clean frock and the stiff sunbonnet, and her shoes had been blackened. She had shaken hands with the boss and mistress in the dining room, and they had hoped kindly that she would get along and continue to be a good, industrious girl. Her bonnet was pulled over her face as she bade good-by in the quarter. She lingered a little before old Kale as he raised his bony hands over her head and blessed her.

'That's right, be brave and chairful,' said the overseer, encouragingly, as Rose walked rapidly away from the house. 'I shouldn't wonder, if 'twas a race, but you wouldn't beat the boys.'

The darkies gathered in a group out in the side yard, and waited and watched until the cloud of puffing steam drifted from sight as the boat glided 'down to Geo'gy.' Then some one said:

'Reckon we best see 'bout Delie. Dis gunno be mighty hawd on Delie.'

Two women went together up the ladder staircase. The trapdoor had been kept closed since Delie's illness. They attempted to push it up, but it was locked.

'Wot de daw doin' locked?' cried Hester. 'Wot happen to Delie?'

The key was found hidden behind the old dumb clock, where it had been rusting for years.

'Wot come to de daw?' said Hester again, and then she unlocked it and pushed it up cautiously. Old Kale followed the two women and the others came after old Kale.

'My lawd! heah's Rosie!'

The crowd paused in the little low room. Rose started up in bed, rubbing her eyes. Then Delie awoke, and cried shrilly: 'Dey come fo' Rosie? Dey can' hev her.'

'I give her good-by,' said old Kale, in a state of bewilderment. 'We all done give Rosie good-by down in the quawta.'

Then an old field hand clinched his fists and muttered hoarsely: 'Don' yo' see Rosie settin' dar big es life? Dat gal we give good-by, dat gal wa' Bria.'

[For the 'Messenger.'

Winnie's Class.

(By Mamie A.)

'Mr. Russell, I am afraid that I cannot keep that class any longer. I don't seem to have the influence over them that I would like. They only seem to come out of curiosity, and not from any desire to study the lesson.'

The speaker was a young girl of some twenty summers, with an open sweet face, but it was now somewhat clouded with evident distress.

'I am sorry,' said the superintendent, with a worried, perplexed look. 'I had hoped that they would behave better under your care. I have noticed that they seemed interested lately. What is your trouble with them?'

'Well, I generally have them sing some simple little hymn. They enjoy the singing and stories which I try to make bear on the lesson in some way, but as soon as I approach the lesson their interest is gone and

they continue to find amusement for themselves.'

'Well, Miss Roe, if you will take the class for next Sunday, I will try to find a substitute, although not many care to undertake such an unruly little band of urchins as they are.'

The class in question was constituted of ten or twelve lads who came to Sunday-School more to provoke the teacher than for any other reason. They were mostly from ten to fourteen years, and some of them had had no Christian training and had been allowed to run the streets as much as they wished. Others had good Christian homes and parents who were members of the Church and professing Christians. They got with other boys and among them, they managed to perpetrate quite a lot of mischief. They found out that the teachers did not like them, and some were half afraid to try to teach them. Consequently there was a change of teachers every few Sundays; sometimes the superintendent had to take it himself and he did not succeed very well.

This Miss Roe had paid some attention to one of the boys on the street, Ralph Morley, by name, and he proved to be the ring-leader of this band of disturbers of the peace. Ralph was taken up with Miss Roe's pleasant smile and announced to the rest of the class that 'the first time this teacher kicked they would have that 'ere pretty Miss Roe.' So when there was a vacancy, Winnie was asked to fill the place. At first, she hesitated for fear that she would only have to give up. However, she took it, and had been able to keep it for two months. The boys were always delighted with her singing or stories, but they could not be prevailed upon to learn memory verses or to study the lesson.

All that week after her talk with Mr. Russell, Winnie kept wondering who would be the next martyr.

When she came before the class the next Sunday, she said: 'Well, boys, I am glad to see so many out. I have some thing to tell you. Guess what is going to happen?'

Immediately eleven eager faces were turned towards her.

A chorus of 'What is't? 'Tell 't, quick,' and 'What's it about?' burst from the little uneasy mischievous group.

'How many would like a new teacher? I think you will have a new one next Sunday.' Winnie answered with a smile.

'We won't have no such a thing, next Sunday. So there,' called out Ralph Morley, from his corner, ' 'Twere me got you, so I've the say.'

'I think ye're mean,' put in Jim Stiles, 'but I s'pose you're jest getin' like the rest of 'em.'

'What ye're mad at?' asked Jake Danby, 'I thought you were bound ter put up wi' us the way you kept stayin'.'

Winnie listened patiently to their remarks and then the lesson was begun by a moment's prayer, and the reading of the verse:

'When He cometh, when He cometh
To make up His jewels.'

The boys seemed a little more sobered today. Ralph didn't shove anyone off the bench nor did Jake Danby tramp any one's toes until they squealed.

As Winnie closed her Bible, she said:

'I want you all to come to my place for tea on Wednesday evening.'

This seemed to meet with favor in the eyes of the boys and they all promised.

At half past five the boys began to come. At first they felt awkward, but Winnie soon put them at their ease and took them to the lawn to have tea. After tea they played croquet and a few other games and then went in and had some music.

They all enjoyed themselves, but Ralph Morley gave vent to his approbation by saying, 'It was as good as any circus.' Winnie then told them 'that the superintendent, Mr. Russell, could not find a teacher for them, and that she would keep them provided they studied the lesson.' They all promised although some did it rather sullenly. Many times through the remainder of the week did Winnie wonder if the boys would keep their promise, and just as often did she murmur a prayer that the seed sown might not fall into stony places, but would make lasting impressions on their hearts and that they might be secured and enlisted in the service of the Master whom she served.

On the next Sunday the class was full and Winnie detected an interest in their faces which she had never seen there before, and from her heart thanks went to heaven for the answered prayer.

'We did it! as sure as you live,' burst out Jim Stiles, before Winnie had time to speak.

'Oh, I am glad you studied it, let us sing a verse of the hymn, "Hark! 'Tis the Shepherd's voice I hear." '

And, indeed, they had kept their promises. They took an interest in every part and it seemed as if a new life had opened to Winnie Roe. She had spent time and thought in order to find a way to hold the boys, but at first had only disappointment. Now she saw that unruly, despised class would never be the same again.

* * * * * * * * * *

Years have passed, but the boys, now young men, have never forgotten the words and prayers of that faithful teacher. Winnie Roe has a home and children of her own now, but she has never lost her interest in her boys.

All but one are sheltered in the fold of Christ. He sailed for Australia last autumn and has never been heard of since. But Winnie prays and hopes still for his salvation. Ralph Morley has a class of his own, and is a grand teacher. Jim Stiles is a missionary in Japan and all the rest are in good positions. And Winnie thanks God that she did not give them up in despair the time that she told Mr. Russell to find another teacher.

The Reading Habit.

Whoever desires to retain through life the habit of reading books and of thinking about them, says James Bryce, in 'The Youth's Companion,' will do well never to intermit that habit, not even for a few weeks or months. This is a remark abundantly obvious to those whose experience of life has taught them how soon and how completely habit gains command of us. Its force cannot be realized by those who are just beginning life, when an unbounded space of time seems to stretch before us, and we feel a splendid confidence in the power of our will to accomplish all we desire. The critical moment is that at which one enters on a business or a profession, or the time when one marries.

Those who are fortunate enough to keep up the practice of reading, outside the range of their occupation, for two or three years after that moment, may well hope to keep it up for the rest of their life, and thereby not only to sustain their intellectual growth, but to find a resource against the worries and vexations and disappointments which few of us escape. To have some pursuit or taste by turning to which in hours of leisure one can forget the vexations, and give the mind a thorough rest from them, does a great deal to smooth the path of life.

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Readers of the 'Messenger' who are not now taking the 'Witness' or 'World Wide' would profit greatly by taking advantage of one of our Trial Trip Club Offers, announced on the last page of this paper. The 'Witness' has kept pace with the times and continues to be the standard of responsible journalism in this country. Both the Daily and Weekly 'Witness' have credit throughout Canada for promptness and accuracy in the publishing of news, and for sincerity and independence in the matter of Editorial Comment.

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So many men, so many minds Every man in his own way.—Terence.

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All the World Over.

The President—New York 'Tribune.'
The Crime and Its Effect—New York 'Times.'
The Deadlock in Malta—'The Times,' London.
The Maltese Language Question—'Gazetta di Venezia.'
Twisting the Lion's Tail—New York 'Sun.'
The Religious Question in Indian Schools—Translations in the Allahabad 'Pioneer.'
The Land of the Free—'The Nation,' New York.
The American Negro and His Economic Value—Abstract by J. T. R. in 'American Journal of Sociology,' from Booker T. Washington in 'International Monthly.'
Prevision of the Coming Man—Prof. W. J. McGee, in Boston 'Herald.'
The New Bishop of Durham—London 'Times.'
Miss H. Gladstone and Women's Work—'Daily News,' London.
Millionnaire Landlords—'The Spectator,' London.
War by Proclamation—'The Pilot,' London.
Humors of a Blue Book—Birmingham 'Post.'
How I Escaped from Jail—An Ex-Prisoner's story, in 'Daily Chronicle,' London.
Of the Temerity Involved in being a Pedestrian—'Journal des Debats,' Paris.
The Ruby—'Le Diamant.'
Things Seen—'Food.' 'Peril'—'The Academy.'

Something About the Arts.

National Traits as Reflected by Music—'Literary Digest.'
Two English Musicians—'The Nation,' New York.
Stained Glass, Ancient and Modern—Ernest R. Suffling, in the 'Sunday Magazine.'

Concerning Things Literary.

Scorn Not the Least—Verse, by Robert Southwell (1560 1595).
Temperance or the Cheap Physician—Verse, by Richard Crashaw (about 1613-1659).
'A Chiel's Amang ye Takin' Notes'—Notes from a Diary, by the Right Hon. Sir M. E. Grant Duff—'The Speaker,' London.
The Story of 'In Memoriam'—Harold Spender, in 'Daily News,' London.
Concerning the Pseudonym—Manchester 'Guardian.'
Real Characters in Fiction—William S. Walsh, in 'The Literary Era.'
English Hymns.
New Testament Criticism and the Faith. III—By Canon Charles Gore, in 'The Pilot.'
Jesus Christ and the Social Question—Canon Scott Holland, in 'Commonwealth.'

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Poor Little Mattie's Goose.

(By V. G. Ramsey.)

It was a poor little hut, standing in a brown piece of pasture land—just one room and an attic, reached by a ladder. It was the home of John Billings. You would have known that he was a drunkard; for sober, industrious men do not live in such squalid places. It was a cold November day. The wind howled, and shook the little hut, out of whose one small window the face of a child might have been seen.

If you had gone in you would have seen a little girl of ten years kneeling in a chair, with her face against the pane. What a frail little creature she was, so pretty, too, in spite of her forlorn look, Her uncombed hair was reddish gold. Her thin cheeks had a faint flush like the pale pink of a seashell. Her eyes were the softest blue, as if they had been often washed in tears.

The room was empty except for a poor bed in one corner, a rickety table, and a rusty, old stove, in which a few wet chips were making an ineffectual effort to burn—an effort that ended mostly in smoke that found its way through the cracks into the room. There was no other living creature in or about the house, except a gray goose, that sat quietly on the doorstep. The little girl seemed to be watching it. 'Polly,' she said, 'I wish I was a goose. You are not cold. The good God has given you a warm coat. You don't have cold shivers running down your back, making you shake all over. You are happier than I am. You are not afraid, but I am afraid for you, Polly. My father says you are a fat goose and he will sell you some day.' Mattie wiped her eyes with a corner of her ragged apron and got down from the chair. She examined the stove where the chips were beginning to blaze. 'Isn't it good to have a fire?' she said as she put a teakettle over the blaze. 'I guess, if pa comes home I can make him a cup of tea.'

Little Mattie was the daughter of John Billings, who called this place his home. Her broken-hearted mother died two years ago, and since that time this child had lived here alone when he was away. He generally came home nights when he was sober, he brought her food and was good to her, and they had such nice times. He would often rock her to sleep in his arms and carry her up to her attic bed and lay her down with passionate kisses. When he came home drunk he did not beat her. At those times he would throw himself on his bed, fall into a stupid sleep, and she would creep away to the attic, and cry for her mother.

I must tell you how she came to have Polly, as she called the goose. One morning in the early spring Farmer Allen was driving by and saw her standing alone in the door. He pulled up his horses and said, 'Where's your pa, little girl?'

'Gone to town — said he would not be back till night,' she said.

'Jump in here, and I will take you up to the farm.'

'Oh, may I?' she cried and in a minute she had tied on a sunbonnet, pinned a little old shawl over her shoulders, and climbed into the waggon.

'What a delightful ride behind the strong, spirited horses, and the farm seemed like Paradise. There was a flock of lambs gamboling in a pasture near the house. There were hens with big broods of little chickens clucking and scratching in the sand. There was a mother turkey leading out her young, a big gobbler strutting by her side, and, most interesting of all, by the side of a little pond, there was a flock of geese and goslings. Mrs. Allen went with her to see them, and exclaimed as she picked up one of the soft, yellow little creatures, 'Oh, here is a gosling that has got hurt. It cannot walk.' She took it to the house and prepared a soft nest for it, where it lay struggling helplessly. 'I am afraid,' she said,' its leg is broken. It will die.'

'O no,' cried Mattie, 'it must not die! The dear little soul!'

PUSSY'S LESSONS.

To-day I have been teaching dear
Pussy how to read,
And really I have found her — oh!
very slow indeed.

She couldn't learn her letters, she
wouldn't try to spell;
I think if she had wanted she could
have done quite well.

Because she isn't stupid—oh dear
no! not at all;
You just should see her play a
game with me at ball!

The only thing she'll study is catching birds and mice;
That may be very clever—I do not
call it nice!

She wouldn't do her lessons; she
never tried to, once;
So I must give up teaching—and
puss will be a dunce!

—Constance M. Lowe, in 'Our Little Dots.'

Mrs. Allen laughed. 'The dear little soul is in a bad condition,' she said. 'I will give it to you, and you may make it live if you can.'

Mattie did not care for anything else the rest of the day. She hung over that basket as if it contained the most precious thing on earth.

Mr. Allen took her home in the afternoon. Mrs. Allen gave her an apron and a dress, and with the gosling, a small bag of meal to feed it. How happy she was! A kingdom could not have added to her joy. Her father came home at night, and really seemed pleased with her treasure, and promised, if the gosling lived, to make a coop for it, That night she hardly slept for joy. The gosling was tenderly fed and warmly covered, and the basket was placed by the side of her bed.

When she woke in the morning she sprang up and found that her pet had crept from under the covers, and seemed to be looking around as if surprised that she did not see her mother.

Mattie took her up and put her on the floor, and she put her foot down and walked with a little limp. There was never a happier child! 'Oh, the darling!' she cried. 'She can walk. God has made her well. I asked him to!'

I cannot tell you all about it, but from that time the gosling grew. She seemed to understand and appreciate the love bestowed on her, and to return it in her own way. She liked no other place so well as Mattie's lap, and when in any fear she ran to her and sought refuge in her arms. So all summer these lonely creatures kept each other company and enjoyed a pleasure that was beautiful and sweet.

But now it was autumn. The little yellow gosling had grown to a big goose, but the friendship between the two had not diminished. After examining the fire Mattie said, 'I must give Polly her supper, and put her to bed.'

Mattie had a kind neighbor who that day had sent her a small basket of food. She sat down by the stove and put her feet on it. It was getting warm. She took from the basket a slice of bread and a piece of pie, which she ate eagerly, saying, "Isn't Mrs. Hayes good?' Then she filled a saucer with crumbs from the basket and went out. Taking the goose in her arms with many caresses and loving words, she fed her and then carrying her to a little coop in which was a nest of grass and feathers, she put her in, saying, 'Good-night, dear Polly.'

It was growing dark, and she went in and sat down to wait for her father. She waited what seemed a long time, but he did not come, and she climbed the ladder and crept into her bed.

She woke in the morning and went down, finding her father on the bed in a drunken stupor, a jug of liquor sitting by his side. This did not surprise her. She was used to it. She took down the little basket. 'It is Thanksgiving Day,' she said, 'and Polly must have her breakfast.' She went out and opened the coop. Polly was not there. She uttered a low moan, and sank down on the ground. A moment later, 'What is that?' she cried, springing up, as a familiar sound struck her ear, and looking up the road, in the direction of the town, she saw Polly coming, half flying and half walking. Mattie ran to meet her, and with a loud squall of joy the great bird threw herself into her arms.

Mattie understood at once—her father came home after she went to bed, and in his insane thirst for liquor had sold Polly to the nearest saloon-keeper. That was why he was so drunk this morning. But Polly had escaped and come home. 'Oh, darling,' she cried, 'I suppose they would have killed you, and eaten you for dinner, if you had not got away. But they shall not have you, I'll carry you to Mr. Allen's;' and without entering the house, she started for the farm.

Mr. Allen's family were about to sit down to breakfast when she entered with the goose in her arms, and weeping, told her pitiful story. She was given a bountiful breakfast and assured of such help as they could afford her and was soon so far comforted that she began to make acquaintance with the calves and lambs in the barn.

'That's a nice girl,' said Mr. Allen to his wife. 'I wonder if her miserable father would let us keep her.'

'I wish he would,' she replied.

He said, 'After dinner we will go and see.'

After dinner, which was such a feast as Mattie had never dreamed of, Mr. Allen and his wife drove away toward the town. Reaching the hut which Mattie called home, they alighted and opening the door, saw Billings crouching in one corner of the room. When he saw them he uttered a yell and tried to hide under the table. 'A bad case of delirium tremens,' said Mr. Allen and they returned hastily to their carriage and drove to the town, from which they speedily returned with a doctor and a policeman.

I will not attempt to describe what followed. With eyes that seemed bursting with terror and agony, the poor victim of the drink demon saw himself surrounded by snakes and evil beasts, and hellish imps from whom he could not escape. The doctor tried the usual treatment with no avail, and before the sun went down, with howls and shrieks of terror the soul of that man who might have been beloved and honored and happy went into the presence of God.

I need not describe what followed. There was the pauper funeral and solitary little mourner, for, low as he had fallen, Mattie loved her father, and remembered in her sorrow only his tenderness and his unhappy fate. She found a good home in Mr. Allen's family, but she has grown to womanhood with a shuddering terror of the drink evil that makes her a heroic worker for temperance.

Selling Character.

'It is a jolly knife!' said Ted, admiringly.

'There are three blades besides the cork-screw,' said Tom. 'It could not have cost less than half a dollar.'

'What made him give it to you?' said Ted.

'Why, I'll tell you,' said Tom, laughing. 'He is so green, you know. I gave him my red alley for it and the medal I picked up in the road; and I told him the medal was silver and the alley was real marble, and he thinks he's got a great bargain.'

'Oh,' said Ted, 'that alters the case. I would not have it at that price if you gave me a hundred pounds as well.'

'He's welcome to sell his knife how he likes,' he added, turning on his heel, 'but I would not sell my character for all the knives in the world.'—'Boys' and Girls' Companion.'

Fourth Quarter.

LESSON I.—OCTOBER 6.

Joseph Sold Into Egypt.

Genesis xxxvii., 12-36. Memory verses 26-28. Read Psalm cxxxiii.

Golden Text.

'The patriarchs, moved with envy, sold Joseph into Egypt; but God was with him.'—Acts vii., 9.

Lesson Text.

(23) And it came to pass, when Joseph was come unto his brethren, that they stripped Joseph out of his coat, his coat of many colors that was on him; (24) And they took him, and cast him into a pit: and the pit was empty, there was no water in it. (25) And they sat down to eat bread: and they lifted up their eyes and looked, and behold, a company of Ishmeelites came from Gilead with their camels bearing spicery and balm and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt. (26) And Judah said unto his brethren, What profit is it if we slay our brother, and conceal his blood? (27) Come, and let us sell him to the Ishmeelites, and let not our hand be upon him; for he is our brother and our flesh. And his brethren were content. (28) Then there passed by Midianites merchantmen; and they drew and lifted up Joseph out of the pit, and sold Joseph to the Ishmeelites for twenty pieces of silver; and they brought Joseph into Egypt. (29) And Reuben returned unto the pit; and, behold, Joseph was not in the pit; and he rent his clothes. (30) And he returned unto his brethren, and said, The child is not; and I, whither shall I go? (31) And they took Joseph's coat, and killed a kid of the goats, and dipped the coat in the blood; (32) And they sent the coat of many colors, and they brought it to their father; and said, This have we found; know now whether it be thy son's coat or no. (33) And he knew it, and said, It is my son's coat; an evil beast hath devoured him; Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces.

Suggestions.

Jacob had gone with his twelve sons to the old homestead at Hebron where Isaac his father still lived. Here Joseph, now a lad of seventeen and next to the youngest, was sent to feed the sheep with his ten elder brothers who led wicked lives when away from the restraint of their father's presence. Joseph felt that his father ought to know about the conduct of the brothers, but when he told Jacob the brothers were naturally very angry. They despised him all the more because his father made a favorite of him, Joseph and Benjamin being the only sons of Jacob's beloved wife Rachel.

Joseph dreamed one night that he and his brothers were out in the field binding sheaves when suddenly his sheaf rose and stood upright and all their sheaves bowed down to his. When he told this to his brothers they hated him all the more, specially as he soon dreamed again. Even his father rebuked him when he told how he had dreamed that the sun, moon, and eleven stars had bowed down to him. Nevertheless these dreams came true in Joseph's after life when not only his brothers but whole kingdoms bowed down to his God-given wisdom. But between the dreams and the reality there was a noble character to be built by resisting temptations, by trusting through trials, by enduring patiently the hard circumstances that shaped his life. It is natural to young people to dream of power and glory, but their dreams will come to nothing until they realize that the only true glory and power come to a life that is wholly given up to God to be moulded and fashioned and used by him.

Jacob's sons took the flocks to Shechem, and when they had been gone some time, Jacob sent Joseph to see how they were faring. They had moved from Shechem but Joseph met some one who told them where they had gone. So he followed them to Dothan. But when his brothers saw him coming they began to plot his destruction, in their hatred they planned to kill him and to cast his dead body in a pit so that their sin might not be found out. But Reuben, the oldest brother, would not consent to Joseph's death, suggesting that they should merely put him alive in the deep empty pit. Reuben hoped in some way to get Joseph out alive and restore him to his father after the others had gone.

So they cast Joseph into the pit, a deep but empty cistern from which there seemed to be no escape. But God was watching over this precious young life, and when Joseph cried to him from the pit he heard and answered, though the answer was not such as Joseph expected. As his brothers were sitting at their dinner they saw a caravan coming along, Ishmaelites and Midianites on camels with merchandise of balm, spices and myrrh, on the way to Egypt. Then they thought that they might make a little money by selling their young brother Joseph to these traders who were going down to Egypt, the greatest slave market in the world. They sold Joseph for twenty pieces of silver, in value about ten or twelve dollars altogether.

Almost every sin involves falsehood. Joseph's brothers told a lie to their father, saying that Joseph had been destroyed by some wild animal, and showing his bloodstained coat as proof of his death. Jacob mourned long years for his lost son, and the ten brothers went many years with the black load of unconfessed sin on their hearts.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Oct. 6.—Topic.—'This grace also.' 2 Cor., viii., 7-9.

Junior C. E. Topic.

BE HAPPY.

Mon., Sept. 30.—We are in God's world.—Ps. xix., 1-4.

Tues., Oct. 1.—Happiness becomes us.—Ps. 97, 11-12.

Wed., Oct. 2.—The song of the redeemed.—Isa. xxxv., 10.

Thu., Oct. 3.—The cheerful face.—Prov. xv., 13.

Fri., Oct. 4.—Reasons for good cheer.—John xvi., 33.

Sat., Oct. 5.—The joy of Christ.—John xv., 9-11.

Sun., Oct. 6.—Topic.—Cheerfulness.—Prov. xvii., 22; John xiv., 1.

Parents and the Sabbath-School.

The work of the parents is certainly one of the most important factors in securing a successful Sabbath-school. Long before I had any children of my own to awaken an interest or anxiety on this subject, while engaged as a Sabbath-school teacher, I was brought to realize that my work was helped by some parents, and hindered by others.

The duty of every parent is to see that the child studies the lesson at home. In order to study the lesson, the child must be interested in it. No parent can interest a child in a lesson unless interested herself. Monotony kills interest, therefore do not use the same method every week. If your child has grown tired of study, I would suggest something perhaps like the following:—Change places with her for a time. You be pupil, let her be teacher. Have a Bible, lesson leaf, and map always on hand. Monday morning, while your hands are in the suds, or you are working out your bread, you can say: 'Mary, do you know what the lesson is about for next Sunday? I did not have my lesson very well yesterday, and I was ashamed. I get so little time to study. I wish you would get that leaf and tell me what the title and Golden Text are, and I will try to learn them while I do this work, for I never want to be caught again as I was yesterday.' Thus you will impress upon the mind of the child that it is a disgrace to have a poor lesson. You will be surprised to see how ready she will be to help you, and you can get her to read the lesson, find the places on the map, etc., without knowing that she is doing anything but helping mother. If you have older children that you cannot reach in this way, try making the lesson a subject of table talk.

Fathers have their part. For in this, as in every good work, there can be no perfect success unless both parents work together. No matter how pressing may be the work of the farm, the shop, or the store, the children must have time to eat, or they will not develop strong, healthy bodies. So also must they have time to digest the bread of life, or they will prove weakly Christians.

Then take time to talk over the lesson at the table, and the interest manifested by the parents will be imparted to the children. Make it a rule to review the lesson all together every Saturday night before beginning any other reading. This, again, will require some firmness, for the political papers are very inviting, but let us remember to put the Gospel first, and secular news afterward.

The lesson learned, the next thing of importance is promptness of attendance. I wish that I could impress every parent reading this with the importance of teaching their children to always be on time in Sabbath-school. Why can we not realize that tardiness on the part of one pupil must invariably disturb and hinder the work of the whole school? Then, let us see to it Saturday night that the clocks are none too slow. When Sunday morning comes let us wake up, and calculate our time just as if we expected to take the 9.30 train, and see how we will improve the Sabbath-school and bless our children by training them to always be on time.

Once there the child needs confidence in the instructors, and for this he depends largely upon his parents. Especially is this true of the younger pupils. Let the parents talk at home that the superintendent or teacher is incompetent or inconsistent or unchristian, and the child will enlarge upon it, and perhaps misconstrue the statements in his own mind, until he comes to regard his instructor as a veritable hypocrite. How can the heart of such a child be reached? Lastly, pray for the Holy Spirit to be our teacher and bless our work.—Mrs. Hannah M. Raney, in 'Herald and Presbyter.'

Men Wanted.

It is said that the members of the official board of a leading Methodist church in Chicago not long ago pledged themselves to attend Sunday-school and to perform any service that the superintendent might request. This action was caused by a statement from the superintendent setting forth the difficulty of preventing boys from dropping out of the Sunday-school when they approached young manhood. The superintendent attributed this to the fact that there were so few men engaged in the work of the school. He thought that if there were more men in the Sunday-school it would have a tendency to disabuse the minds of young men of the impression that the Sunday-school was a place for only women and children, and that it was beneath the dignity of young men to remain in the Sunday-school after they had attained to the years of early manhood.

There are many superintendents who have the conviction, based on observation and experience, that it would add greatly to the strength and influence of the Sunday-school if more men would engage in the work of the school. There are many superintendents who believe that the older boys and young men of the Sunday-school would not 'drop out' if their fathers and brothers had not already 'dropped out.' Shall the study of the Bible be confined to the young only? If not, is there any better place for this study than the Sunday-school? The writer is convinced by reason of large experience in Sunday-school work, that many young men could be retained in the Sunday-school if earnest and consecrated and intelligent men teachers could be secured for them. There are more men wanted in the army of Sunday-school workers. Where are the volunteers?—'New Century Teachers' Quarterly.'

A large part of the small-boy problem would be solved by encouraging his self-respect by transferring him to a department where he would feel more in his own sphere. In a primary department where the mites are received as soon as they can toddle, and are kept with the others, this transfer should be at eight years of age. Where the tiny tots have a department of their own, he may remain until nine, but not later, unless it be in cases of exceptionally slow development. —Mrs. M. G. Kennedy.

Temperance

How Charlie Cured the Thirsty Man.

(By Randall Chetwynd, in 'Alliance News.')

'Mother,' said Charlie, as he nestled lovingly by her side, 'Nurse knows such a funny man. At least, she knows his wife. I heard her telling cook last night, when they thought I was asleep. "Poor Harriet," she said, "I am so sorry for her. Night after night her husband goes to the "Castle and Banner," and stops there drinking and drinking instead of going home. And she and the children never have enough to eat, and are always hungry, because he spends such a lot of money on drink." Nurse and cook seem to think he must be a dreadful bad man, but I feel sorry for him, 'cause he must be always so very thirsty to drink so much as that. But why does he spend money for drink? Do you s'pose he doesn't know about water? and hasn't ever seen that new fountain in the square? What do they drink at the "Castle and Banner" mother?"

His mother sighed as she held her little son closer to her. For it is a hard task, and thankless, to open the eyes of our children to the knowledge of good and evil.

The stuff that they drink at the "Castle and Banner," darling,' she said, 'is stuff that you have never seen. When people drink it at first it makes them feel cheerful and happy. They get excited and forget everything that worries them. But after a little while it makes them silly so that they don't know what they are doing; and the next day after drinking it they are sure to have a headache and maybe quite ill.'

Charlie's blue eyes were round with wonder. 'What funny stuff!' he cried. 'But I s'pose the men don't know it will make them silly and ill after, and so they drink it once; but when they find out how naughty it is, then they don't drink it any more. Don't you think so, mother? Only cook said the man she knows drinks it every night. I s'pose he can't ever have heard of water, but it does seem funny!'

'No, darling,' said his mother, sadly, 'it isn't that. They do know about water, but they like beer best. They like the way it makes them feel at first, you see.'

'Although they know it makes them bad afterwards!' cried Charlie.

'Yes,' said his mother, 'they don't think about that.'

The boy shook his head gravely. 'Did you ever talk to any of them, mother?' he said.

'No, never, my darling,' said his mother. 'There seems so little a woman can do,' she went on, 'to help the cause of Temperance, except by example, and bringing up one's children to abstain.'

She was speaking more to herself than to the child, yet Charlie seemed to understand. 'I know one thing a little boy could do,' he said, 'and that is, show the men that go to the "Castle and Banner," the new fountain in the square. You see, mother, if you've never talked to any of them you can't be sure they know about water, and I really can't believe that men would be so silly. Why even a little boy would know better than that. Don't you think, mother, that p'raps they haven't seen the fountain?'

He looked wistfully at his mother, and she hadn't the heart to contradict him. After all the knowledge of the wilful misery of the world would come soon enough to her dear wee laddie.

As Mrs. Russell was sitting alone on the evening of the same day the room door opened, and nurse appeared, her face white and anxious.

'If you please, ma'am,' she said, 'I can't find Master Charlie anywhere. He was playing in the day nursery when I went to put baby to bed, and when I got back he was gone. His hat was gone too, so I thought he must be in the garden, but I've hunted everywhere and can't find him. I never knew him do such a thing before, ma'am.' And nurse began to cry.

Mrs. Russell rose hastily from her seat. 'Why! whatever can have happened to the child!' she cried. Then, like a flash the memory of the morning's conversation came to her.

'The dear little innocent,' she thought, 'he has gone to the "Castle and Banner" to show some poor drunkard the fountain. He knows the way, but would anyone be rough with him; my little lad!' 'I think I know where he must be, nurse,' she said, aloud. 'Fetch me my hat, and I will go and find him. You can go back to baby.' And hastily donning a simple sailor hat she sallied forth.

About ten minutes before this a tall man, shabbily dressed, yet with the look of one who had seen better days, was entering the 'Castle and Banner,' when he was startled by a clear childish voice addressing him.

'If you please, sir, are you very thirsty?' it said. 'Because there is such a nice fountain in the square, and you can have as much drink as you like there for nothing, and it won't make you silly, and you won't have a headache to-morrow.'

The man looked down angrily, but his face softened as he met the gaze of Charlie's innocent eyes. 'Who sent you to tell me that?' he said, gruffly.

'No one sent me,' said the child, 'but I felt sure that nobody would be so silly as to drink the nasty stuff they sell in here if they knew there was water. So I came to tell you.'

The man was evidently of a far better class than the ordinary frequenters of a public-house. And something in the situation seemed to appeal to his sense of humor. He smiled grimly as he spoke again.

'I have heard of water, my little man. But somehow or other I like this best.'

'Oh! do you?' said Charlie, wistfully. 'Then doesn't it ever make you silly?'

A hot, painful flush spread duskily over the man's face. 'Sometimes it does, not often,' he said.

'Water never does,' said the child eagerly. 'Oh! "please," sir, let me show you the fountain.'

'Well, all right,' said the man, half reluctantly. 'I can call in here on my way back,' he muttered to himself.

'Oh, thank you!' cried Charlie delightedly, and slipping his little hand into the man's he turned to go.

But the hand he clasped was drawn away. 'Don't do that,' said the man. 'Your mother wouldn't like to see you holding my hand.'

'Oh, yes, she would,' he said in surprise; 'why shouldn't she?'

'Because I am poor, and wear old clothes,' the man replied, 'and have been a bad man, too.'

'I'm a bad boy, sometimes,' said Charlie, confidingly, 'and I wear very old clothes when I'm playing in the garden. I like to hold your hand, 'cause I think your a nice man. Mother says we ought to love everybody, 'cause God is our Father, and loves us all. P'raps you've got a little boy at home, about as big as me. If you have you know how God loves you, by how you love him.'

'I've got a little boy at home,' said the man in a subdued voice, 'but he isn't as big as you; he's only eight years old.'

'I'm only eight years old, too,' said Charlie. 'P'raps your little boy isn't so big as me because he doesn't have enough to eat. Nurse says she knows a man whose little boys don't have enough to eat because he is thirsty, and spends almost all his money on the nasty stuff to drink. I expect your little boy will grow bigger now you're going to drink water, don't you?'

The man's face was pale with emotion; the child's innocent chatter had touched his heart. But they had reached the fountain, and he was thus spared the necessity of replying. It was growing dusk; a man was lighting the lamps round the square. To his dying day Roger Carter never forgot the scene, or the bright earnest little face of the boy, as he filled the drinking cup with water and handed it to him. He drained it eagerly, for he was really thirsty, and with the taste of the pure, cool water, old memories rushed back on him. Once again he saw himself an innocent child like the boy before him. He thought of his own boy at home. Would he grow up like his father? God forbid!

'Well,' he said, 'that's the first drink of cold water I've had for many a long day.'

'There,' said Charlie, triumphantly. 'I was sure you'd forgotten all about it. Have some more, do.' It won't make you silly, and you won't have a headache to-morrow. I know, because I drink it myself. And there's nothing to pay for it, so you will have more money to take home for your little boy to-night, won't you?'

It was at this juncture that Mrs. Russell found them. She was not at all surprised to find her son conversing with a disreputable looking man, but she was surprised to find in that man the husband of an old schoolfellow of her own, whom she had not seen for years.

The recognition was mutual, but while Roger Carter hung his head, and tried to slink away, she came forward with outstretched hand, and a bright smile of welcome.

'This is, indeed, a pleasure,' she said. 'It is a long time since we met. And how is Myra, Mr. Carter?'

'I have lost her,' said the man. 'She died two years ago, and since that time I have been going steadily downhill. I am ashamed for you to see me, Mrs. Russell.'

'He'd forgotten about cold water, mother,' piped out Charlie. 'And he was very thirsty, so he had to drink the nasty stuff. But he's always going to drink water now, and then his little boy will have plenty to eat, and grow as big as me. You are, aren't you,' he went on, 'now you know how nice it is?'

'I am, God helping me,' said Roger, earnestly. 'You have cured the thirsty man, Charlie, because you cared. Plenty of people have preached at me, but no one ever really cared before.'

So there was something that even a little boy could do.

Three Beers a Day.

1 Barrel of flour,
50 Pounds of sugar,
20 Pounds of corn starch,
10 Pounds of macaroni,
10 Quarts of beans,
4 Twelve-pound hams,
1 Bushel sweet potatoes,
3 Bushels Irish potatoes,
10 Pounds of coffee,
10 Pounds of raisins,
10 Pounds of rice,
20 Pounds of crackers,
100 Bars of soap,
3 Twelve-pound turkeys,
5 Quarts of cranberries,
10 Bunches of celery,
10 Pounds of prunes,
4 Dozen oranges,
10 Pounds of mixed nuts,

FOUR BIG BARRELS HEAPED UP: and in the bottom of the last barrel, a purse with two pockets. In one pocket a five-dollar gold piece marked 'a dress for mother,' in the other pocket a ten-dollar bill, marked 'to buy shoes for the children.'

Men of Greater New York! Look at that list.

What is it?

That's what three beers a day for a year would buy.

Do you hear that, drinking men?

Three beers a day would buy that whole list, and a five-dollar dress for mother, and ten dollars' worth of shoes for the children thrown in. Every drinking man in Greater New York that buys three beers a day could send to his home such a Christmas donation every year.

Fathers, look at that list.

Show it to mother.

Show it to the children.

Ask them how they would like such a donation for Christmas next year.

Three beers a day will buy it!

The extent to which the consumption of liquor enters into the problem of the social life of France may be seen from the statement that a member of the French commission for the study of questions affecting the working classes, declared a short time ago that he and his colleagues, in the conscientious discharge of their duties, took a number of meals at different restaurants in Paris and other cities frequented by laboring men, and they noticed that fully two-thirds of the money paid for meals by the customers of these establishments was paid for liquor. Paris has now at least twice as many public houses as before the war of 1870, and probably the same proportionate increase holds with reference to other sections of France.

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HOUSEHOLD.

Easy Washing.

(Mrs. M. H. Estep, in 'N. E. Homestead.')

I will endeavor to show how I make my washing comparatively easy, and save the clothes at least one-half. After wetting the clothes, I soap all soiled places quite freely, then roll them snugly and drop into a boiler of cold soft water, and soak over night, being careful to so place them that they will remain rolled, as the soap stays where it will loosen the dirt instead of spreading out into the water. Next morning I set the boiler on the stove and let it gradually heat until it becomes as hot as I can bear my hands in, stirring occasionally; then I remove the clothes to a tub with enough of the water to wash thoroughly, and add to that which remains a second 'batch' that were soaked in the same way as those in the boiler. As these are more soiled than the others, I allow them to boil a short time. It is not necessary to use a washboard for the white clothes, as squeezing them about in the hot water is all that is needed.

After washing them in the suds I put them through a soft water, as is usual in regular washings, and then rinse through the blue water. And here let me say that it would be better if no blueing were used than to add as much as most people do. I prefer just enough to tint the water a little. After I have put the second 'batch' through the same process, I proceed to soap the colored ones and roll in like manner as the first ones, and let them remain in the same water through which I washed the white ones, while I hang out the latter, then I add more warm suds and wash with board. Of course I select cleanest and lightest colored ones for the first washing, and continue in this manner until all are washed. If any one will try this mode of washing, she will be astonished to find how quickly the work can be done, and how well. The colored clothes will not fade nearly as much as with hard rubbing. Soaking and heating the white clothes purifies them sufficiently, although a slight boiling will do them no harm, save for the fact that it will retard the work by waiting for the suds to cool sufficiently to handle the clothes. The flannels can be washed in the same way, but of course clean suds will be needed. Usually there is a sufficient amount, as there will be that in which the clothes were first rinsed. Any good washer knows that they must be washed quickly and with suds as hot as can be borne, and dried rapidly, after putting them through a second water which is even hotter than the first.'

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